

# THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"We have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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## TERMS:

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ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

## POETRY.

Mr. Webb,

I should be much pleased if you would put the following Confirmation Hymn into the "Democrat." It was a long time since composed by the late Rev. Dr. F. W. Geisenhainer, and has, for many years, been sung with profit by his numerous catechumens in manuscript. After much solicitation, he consented to have it published, and hence most of the Lutheran Ministers in Pennsylvania and other States, sung it on confirmation day with those who vowed "with heart and tongue" to serve the Lord. I have no doubt the many who read and sung it in the German language, will be pleased to see it in an English translation.

W. J. E.

## CONFIRMATION.

Let every bosom heave with joy,  
And rapture beam from every eye—  
To day the Lord receives us;  
Hark, hark! He calls—"tis Mercy's voice—  
"Come unto me—make Heav'n your choice,  
And leave the way to sinners."

Lord Jesus! at thy word we come;  
Thy love hath brought us home!  
Oh seal in Heav'n our promise,  
That we will ne'er forget our vows  
Made on this day, in this thy house—  
With heart and tongue we vow it.

Yes, till we yield our fleeting breath,  
Till heart and tongue lie seal'd in death,  
To Thee we pledge obedience!  
Let Heav'n and earth our witness be  
While at thy throne we bend the knee  
To swear Thee our allegiance.

Oh blissful thought! Lord, thine we are—  
We leave the world—its lusts afar,  
And all the pomp and pleasure.  
Christ in our souls alone shall live,  
To Him our love, our all we give—  
His promise is our treasure.

Nor earth's vain honors, pomp and state,  
Nor pain nor death shall separate  
Us from the love of Jesus.

Lord, grant us grace, that we may be  
Obedient—faithful—true to Thee  
Till Thou from Earth dismiss us.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE MORALS OF HANGING.

We do not know from what work the following terrible passage is extracted. We find it in the Albany Daily Advertiser. It bears harder against punishment by death than a whole acre of homily.

THE HANGMAN AND THE JUDGE.—"Did your lordship ever attend a killing time at the Old Bailey? If not, pray favor me with your company—not on the gallows, but staying in the street, amid the crowd that always assemble when I am at work for you and the sheriff. Perhaps it will add to the zest, if you come when I have a young woman to stiffen, supplied by yourself. Will the fluttering of the petticoats, as she swings in the wind, produce a pleasant sound in your ears, my learned master? Fail not to watch the people—the men, women, and children, good, bad, and indifferent—who have gathered to behold the sacred majesty of the law. You will see such flashing of the eyes and grinding of the teeth—you will hear sighs and groans, and words of rage and hatred, with fierce curses on yourself and me; and then laughter, such as it is, of

an unnatural kind, that they will make you start; jests on the dead, that they will make you sick! You will feel—no, why should you feel any more than your faithful journeyman? We shall go to our breakfasts with good appetites, and a firm conviction that every hanging bout changes many sneaking pilferers into saving robbers, fit for murder.

"A few years ago I was called out of town to hang a little boy who had been convicted of killing with malice aforethought. If guilty, he must have been in the habit of going to executions. Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor young creature's blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in this way of business; and a beautiful child he was, too, as you have seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes, and golden hair. I have no heart, no feeling; who has in our calling? But those who came to see me strangle that tender youngster, have hearts and feelings as we once had. Have!—no—had; for what they saw was fit to make them as hard as your servant or his master.

They saw that stripling lifted, fainting, on to the gallows; his smooth cheek of the color of wood ashes—his little limbs trembling, and his bosom heaving sigh after sigh as if the body and soul were parting without his help.

This was a down right murder; for there was scarcely any life to take out of him. When I began to pull the cap over his baby face, he pressed his small hands together, (his arms you know, were corded fast to his body,) and he gave me a beseeching look, just as a calf will lick the butcher's hand. But cattle do not speak; the creature muttered, "Pray, sir, don't hurt me." "My dear," answered I, "you should have spoken to my master; I'm only the journeyman, and must do as I'm bid." This made him cry, which seemed to relieve him, and I do think I should have cried myself if I had not heard shouts from the crowd—"Poor lamb! shame! murder!" "Quick!" said the Sheriff. "Ready," said I. The Reverend gentleman gave me the wink, the drop fell; one kick; and he swayed to and fro, dead as the feelings of the Christian people of England.

"The crowd dispersed; some swearing, some weeping with passionate exclamations; some swearing as if hell had broke loose; and some laughing while they cracked blackguard jokes on you and me and the parson and the corpse. They had come for the sight; they would have come to see an angel murdered. They had come to get drunk with strong excitement, they went back reeling and filthy with the hot debauch. They had come to riot in the passions of fear and pity; they went back, some in a fever of rage, some burning with hate, some hardened in heart like me, or you; all sunk down in their own respect, ready to make light of pain and blood, corrupted by the indecent show, and more fit than ever to make work for us the judge and the hangman."

O wise law-makers! who think to soften the hearts of the people; to make them gentle and good; to give them a feeling of respect for themselves and others, by showing them a sight like this.

From the Farmer's Cabinet.

### FAT MUTTON—ROOTS.

It is to be regretted that so little attention is paid to the proper sheltering of cattle in country. One would naturally suppose that the interest of owners would point out a proper course; and that one systematized, and the advantages of strictly attending to the comfort and convenience of our cattle made manifest, even to the most sceptical, that whole neighborhoods would adopt the system, and that, in a reasonable length of time, it would prevail extensively, if not universally, prevail. It is lamentable to say that this is not the case. For some reason or other, which I have not as yet been able to ascertain, improvements make but slow advances among our farmers. It may be, that they consider improvements as innovations on those customs which have "grown with the growth." Some, with the evidence which they cannot possibly resist or gainsay, refuse to profit by the experience of others. I have several cases in point, one of which I will note. For a number of years I have been in the habit of attending the Philadelphia market, principally with mutton, and as I always personally superintended my sheep and other animals on the farm, and saw that they were regularly and sufficiently fed, I generally brought meat which I was not ashamed of, and which by its good quality recommended itself to purchasers, inasmuch that I had no difficulty in securing a regular set of good customers, who cheerfully paid a fair price for a good article. Some of my neighbors attended the same market—but as I generally sold out first they thought I was "uncommonly lucky." Four years since I obtained a quantity of the seed of the French sugar beet, and put in an acre by way of experiment, not in the way of making sugar,

but the making of fat. This first trial fixed me. My cows, sheep, and hogs were very fond of them, during the long and severe winter which followed. They all kept in good heart and condition; what surprised me most was the rapid manner in which my sheep, fed on the sugar beet, took on fat; and when carried to market the saddles excited particular attention, from their very superior appearance. But it was not in appearance only; the meat was of a much better quality, more juicy, and exceedingly tender. The inquiry was, "why, sir, on what do you fatten your sheep?" And when I replied, on the sugar beet, hay, and a small portion of corn, it would generally call forth an exclamation of surprise. Ever since I have been a grower of sugar beet, the meat I take to market is always in demand, and brings several cents more per pound than that fattened in the old way; and yet, strange to say, some of my neighbors, although I have urged them, will not plant the beet for their stock. I have been benefited to the extent of several hundred dollars by the introduction of this root—the effects are visible—my neighbors know it—and yet they stand lookers on, halting between two opinions. But light is breaking in upon us, and of one thing you may be assured, that, that the time is not far distant when every extensive stock feeder will be an extensive root grower.

To the delinquents, and there are many in my vicinity, I would say, "rouse ye from your lethargy, and although for the present season you have lost the advantage of planting the sugar beet and the mangel wurtzel, yet you may in some measure atone for your past neglect, by putting in immediately a sufficient quantity of ruta baga. You have time enough for this, but none to lose. The ruta baga is an excellent root—plant it liberally—cultivate it thoroughly—and you will find your account in it in more ways than one, if you are spared until the ensuing winter. Depend upon it, there is nothing better for cattle than roots, properly prepared. I put in some of almost all kinds; and I find carrots answer well for a change. But with me the sugar beet is superior to all others. My way of feeding is simple. When the cattle are housed they are kept constantly furnished with good hay, have roots three times a day, with an occasional change to corn or cut feed. I find great benefit from currying my cows—in deed, it seems to me as necessary to curry a cow as a horse—and if any one will make the experiment as I did on two oxen, it will remove every doubt. They were both put up at the same time—fed precisely alike—and the treatment throughout was similar in every respect, except in the use of the currying comb, and the ox on which it was used was in reality, as well as in appearance, six per cent. better than his fellow. The cause of this must be apparent to every reflecting mind.

N. L.

Delaware county, May 18, 1839.

From the Chicago Democrat.

### DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

Shaw bench, a Pottawatamie Chief, who was at the battle of the Thames, lately gave in the U. S. Hotel in this city, through an interpreter, a full account of the death of Tecumseh. Tecumseh was a very brave, but cautious man. He had, however, been wounded in the neck, and became desperate. He thought his wound was mortal, and told his warriors that, as he must die, there could be no risk in his rushing forward to kill Col. Johnson. He did so, and Shaw-bench saw him when he fell. His object was to strike the Col. with his tomahawk before he saw him, and a moment more of inattention and the Colonel's head would have been surrendered. He was shot just as his arm had reached the full height to strike the fatal blow. He described the Colonel's horse very minutely. He was very large and white, with occasionally a jet black spot. Another Indian in company, whom Shaw-bench said was but a boy at the time of the battle, interrupted him to say that his main and tail were black. The day, he with many others, and this boy, went upon the field of battle and saw Tecumseh's body there, and by the side of it another Indian whose skin had been taken off. He said he had heard of this skin's having been exhibited as that of Tecumseh. They might think so—but it was not. Tecumseh's body had not been touched. Here some one asked him where and how they buried him. This aroused the chief from his seat, and he was eloquent in the extreme. None but brave warriors die on the battle field.—Such afraid of nothing when alive, don't care, for dogs, wolves, eagles, and crows when dead. They want the prairie, whole broad prairie to lie upon. So Tecumseh, the bravest man that ever was, whom the Great Spirit would not let be killed as the common soldier, but sent to Col. Johnson to be killed, wanted no grave nor honors. He let every animal come and eat his flesh, as he made every red man love and every white man fear him. Shaw-bench

he expatiated long upon his merits, and believed, if he had killed Col. Johnson, and lived to this day, the Pottawatamies would not have been away out on the Missouri river, as they now are.

## AMERICAN HISTORY.

The oration recently delivered by Mr. B. F. BUTLER, the late Attorney General, before the Dialectic Society at West Point, on the peculiar duties and obligations of the American soldier, will be issued from the press in N. Y. in the course of a few days. The peroration, which is subjoined, speaks well for it as a composition. It is an eloquent extract:

"Whilst all correct and well written history may be read with profit by military men, let me impress upon you, as a fit conclusion of this discourse, that the history of the American revolution—of the principle which let to it, and of the sages and patriots who toiled for its accomplishment, should be thoroughly studied by the American soldier. Accustom your minds to the story of that mighty effort; let the self-denial, fortitude, and endurance, not less than the more active virtues by which it was distinguished be familiar to your thoughts; in your heart of hearts cherish the memory of the unequalled chief and of his associates in arms, catch from the alters at which they worshipped some portion of their fire; maintain the principles for which they toiled and bled; uphold the goodly fabric of prosperity and freedom reared by their sacrifices, and of which you are to be appointed guardians, and should it ever become necessary, pour out like water, your blood in its defence.

"Appeals like these, whilst they come from the honored graves of the great and good men who have achieved our independence, to the hearts of all Americans, address themselves with peculiar emphasis to the inmates of this academy. You are surrounded with associations admirably adapted to awaken the generous enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge, the love country and the practice of virtue. Science spreads before you her choicest stores. From every corner of your encampment—from the easements of your academic halls, you converse with nature in her sublimest mood. In your daily rambles, history greets you with some lesson of instruction—telling you now of the father of his country—that noblest model of heroic virtue—and of Kosciusko—the champion of liberty and the friend of man—and urging you to copy their examples and aspire to their renown. And, that nothing may be wanting to enforce her precepts, she warns you, in the fate of Arnold, to shun the vices which fitted him for the act of shame and that career of guilt by which his name has forever linked in the memory of Americans, with that of him who betrayed the Saviour of mankind.

"With all your studies and pursuits; from every rock and gleam; from the majestic river which rolls beneath your feet, and from the mountain tops which point your thoughts to Heaven; from the parental hearts around which your affections so love to linger, from your hoping, confiding country; and, above all, from Him who gave you a nature capable of enjoying the exhibitions of his power, of tracing his wondrous ways, and of kindling with lofty and virtuous emotions, there comes a voice to instruct, to warn, to cheer you. To those of you who are about to exchange the exercises of pleasures of this seat of science for the responsibilities and trials of active life, its tones are fraught with solemnity and tenderness which you only can feel, and which should prompt you, with every reminiscence of a spot so hallowed, to heed and to obey the lessons it enjoins. Put on!—such is the exhortation it addresses you all—Put on the whole armor of right principles; march, with unfaltering step, in the path of duty, making diligence and integrity, truth and justice, the companions of your way; proclaim against all vicious inclinations and each low desire an exterminating war; contend for the mastery in this sternest of conflicts, strive for that brightest of victorious wreaths—the chaplet which adorns the brow of him who rules his spirit, who vanquishes his passions, who fights the good fight of faith and virtue; so shall you be enabled to fill up the measure of action and of honor here; and when the Captain of our salvation shall summon you to his presence, you shall come before him with songs of triumph, and receive from his lips the welcome plaudits from his hand the amarantine crown.

"Whatever circumstances I may be placed in," said S., "I never forget myself." "The most worthless object you could be remembering," replied W.

A Frenchman gasconading over the inventive genius of his country, said—"We invented lace ruffles!" "Aye," said John Bull, "and we added shirts to them."

## THE OHIO.

No river in the world rolls for a thousand miles a current so smooth and peaceful.—Tributaries wind through as many valleys in ten different states. The Tennessee, first in size, having passed a navigable course through three states, for more than one thousand miles, falls into the Ohio river fifty miles above its mouth; the Cumberland, sixty-two miles; being navigable for steamboats to Nashville, and for keel boats three hundred miles further—the Wabash, two hundred miles—Green river, two hundred and eighty miles from the mouth of the Ohio river, navigable two hundred miles, 200 yards wide at the mouth; the Kentucky, five hundred and four miles, navigable one hundred and fifty miles—Great Miami, four hundred and eighty-two miles, navigable sixty-four miles to the Salines, where annually is made from five to seven hundred bushels of salt—Great Muskingum, nine hundred and fifty miles. These are the principle auxiliaries which give substance and strength to the Ohio. In its course of more than a thousand miles it washes six states, and with its tributaries, has more than five thousand miles of navigable waters. Its mean width is six hundred yards, with the exception of its lowest fifty miles, the average width of which is one thousand yards. The average rapidity of its current is three miles an hour. It rises fifty or more feet. At low water, its surface at Cincinnati, is supposed to be one hundred and thirty feet below the level of Lake Erie, and four hundred and thirty above the tide water of the Atlantic. Such is the Ohio.

## Coffee on the Mulberry Tree.

We were not a little amused on hearing a conversation which took place in this city a few days since between two young negroes, apparently about eight years of age. One of them whose broad nose and prominent lips eclipsed every other lineament of the human features, was addressed by the other seemed to approximate somewhat nearer to the human species, as follows—

"What you stop goin' to school for Bill?"  
"O Sam, you know I's in the Mulberry speclashum."  
"You got Mulberry tree, whar you git him?"  
"Jus pick off another tree."  
"Dat all?"  
"No you ignoras nigge, I plant de sprout—bombye he'll grow, den I'd buy a Silk Worm, and raise Silk."  
"Dat's who? you stop goin, to school for—to see de sprout grow?"  
"Sartin, he must be tended to."  
"Gosh, Bill! I'll get de sprout and silk worm, and hab Mulberry speclashum too! Den, git dis nigger in the school agin, no how!"

Upon this the young darkies started off, evidently elated with the idea of being engaged in 'de Mulberry speclashum.'

N. Y. Star.

The Thats.—In thirty one words, how many thats can be grammatically inserted? Answer Fourteen. He said that that, that that man said, was not that that that that one should say; but that that, that that man said, was that, that that man should not say.

A young lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if 'kiss' was a common, or proper noun. After some hesitation she replied, 'It is both common and proper.'

A simple minded old dame, was attentively listening, the other evening, to her grandson reading a statistical account of the proportion of females to males in various countries of the world. She easily comprehended how that, in Britain, the women exceeded the men by six in a hundred, and in Spain by one in a thousand; but when it was stated that in Sweden the females exceeded the males by seven and a half in every hundred, she exclaimed, 'Goodness hae a care o' me! hea they half women in Sweden!'

Hard Cider.—"Why dear me, Mr. Longswallow," said a good lady, "how can you drink down a whole quart of dreadful hard cider, at a single draught?"—As soon as he could breathe again he replied, "I beg pardon, madam, but upon my soul, it was so hard I could not bite it off."

The heart of a man is said to weigh about nine ounces; that of a woman eight. As age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after she is thirty.

If you would always have a clear conscience, be an honest man and a Christian, and if you would not be everlastingly damned, pay the Printer.